



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1804.

THE NOVELIST.

HISTORY OF MR. ALLEN.

[Concluded from Page 114.]

AFTER passing an hour at an adjacent coffee-house, and looking over the papers of the day, he hastened back to his own room, and having locked up the manuscript in a drawer, instantly went up to the wretched family.

"Here madam, (said the good man as he entered the apartment) is the purchase of your book (putting twenty guineas in her hand) and I hope the sum will content you."

The unhappy woman, as may be easily imagined, was all joy and thankfulness on the occasion.

"Despairing, sir, (said she of your success, I was, just before you arrived, considering how I could procure a sufficient sum to pay for the coffin of my dear babe; when it occurred to me that I had a little miniature picture of my excellent mother, set round with diamonds, which I have carefully preserved as the very last resource in my extreme need. I cannot trouble you again with my affairs, otherwise I would beg your servant to dispose of these diamonds which are round this little picture."

"I insist, madam, cried the good man, that I may execute this commission myself. —Where is the picture?"

The unhappy woman then opening a small casket which was by her, and sighing bitterly, took out a small picture, and presented it to Mr. Allen.

"Gracious heaven! (exclaimed he, starting back) what do I see?—the image of my dearest wife?—My long lost Louisa! O my heart! it is—it is Louisa!—Say dear madam, how this picture came into your possession.—You mentioned just now a mother—Oh! my throbbing breast!—But my wife and my lovely little Fanny, both had a watery grave in their passage from Lisbon."

"From Lisbon, did you say? (interrupted the amiable young woman) Alas! that was the place of my birth! And at the age of three years, I was, with my dear mother ship-wrecked on the coast of Spain. She

alas! was lost forever; whilst her wretched Fanny was doomed to—"

"Fanny! did you say? Oh, tell me—what—be quick—inform me, madam, what was your maiden name?"

"Allen, sir."

"O my child! my child! cried the enraptured father—it is—it must be so"—clasping her in his arms, in an agony of joy and wonder.

His happy daughter, for so indeed she was, hung on his neck in speechless transports, while the ecstatic father continued—"Say, my child—how hast thou been preserved? O secret, wonder-working hand of providence!—The dreadful tidings of my ship-wrecked Louisa, and my little daughter, an infant, in Captain Osmond's ship, on the coast of Spain, is an undoubted fact—is it not?"

"Yes, my dearest father, (answered his long-lost child) look at these letters of my lamented mother; and these of yourself to her, after your departure from Lisbon.—The servant who attended me from my infancy, and whose life was saved with mine, carefully preserved these letters and this casket—Anne Williams was her name; she was my nurse maid, and you must well remember her."

"I do—I do—cried the amazed father. Good heavens, when did she die?"

"About six years since—and it was from her I often heard (as it was our almost constant subject) the sad catastrophe of my dear mother's death, and that Mr. Robert Allen, my father, lived somewhere in the west of England."

"But say, my child," said this fond parent, who, as Shakespeare said of old king Cymbeline, on discovering Imogene to be his daughter, "*Was wild in his beholding.*"

"Say, my Fanny, what melancholy accidents have reduced thee to this distress?—But Oh! to find thee—and to find thee thus, so firm in virtue, is too much for my old heart to bear. Whom did you marry? Oh, tell me all."

"A ship, sir, that was going from Spain to Jamaica, carried us with Captain Osmond (who was happily preserved) to that island. That worthy man left me to the care of his

sister, who was settled there: and with that good woman I lived to the age of seventeen, when a nephew of her's soon after married me, and with whom I lived long enough to be the mother of these little things you now see around me. We wrote to you, dear sir, and sent the letter under cover to a friend of my husband's, in London, to forward it to you, but receiving no answer, we concluded you were no more.—Mr. Ashley (my husband was no economist: he died suddenly, and left me greatly involved. To satisfy his creditors, I reduced myself to great straits. A lady, who was coming to England, kindly offered to bear my expenses and promised to use her utmost endeavors to find you, if living, or otherwise provide for me. Alas! that dear friend died the week after our arrival in London of the small pox; which fatal distemper I likewise caught, and all my little ones. This was a great and unexpected expence to me, and it was still increased, as I was soon after delivered of this poor babe, now dead. These events following so fast—for, alas! my poor husband had not been dead six months;—I say, they were too much for my spirits to sustain, and I sunk into a slow fever, in which I languished several weeks. I was now reduced to want even the common necessities of life—indeed, my case was truly lamentable—alone! no money! in a strange country!"

"O, cease, my dearest Child, I cannot bear this (said the tender father, bursting into tears) it is too much! I will *suppose*, after much suffering, the secret hand of that heavenly power, whose chiefest care is distressed innocence, led me hither to this amazing discovery. And have I found thee? once more clasping her in his arms) not the united world shall ever part us more."

He then kissed and wept over the children, and immediately ordered large and elegant lodgings to be got ready for their reception, at Pall Mall; they were all conveyed there as soon as possible; and where we will leave them to that refined happiness, which only minds like Mr. Allen's can experience.

Reader the moral of this little story is so obvious, it requires no explanation.—Every man, it is true, in relieving a distressed

object, may not meet with a lost child; but every man may, in some degree, enjoy that exquisite satisfaction which is the never-failing reward of those who practise the great duties of *humanity* and *benevolence* to their fellow creatures.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## COWPER.

THERE are certain writers whose works cannot be read without a desire of becoming acquainted with the life and character of the author. We contract a friendship for him; we should like to see him in the familiarity of domestic life; we feel an interest in every thing that concerns him, and are curious to know the incidents of his life, which have imparted the peculiar traits of his temper and character which his writings display. These dispositions of the mind are the offsprings of a native love of virtue; yet were we to become intimately acquainted with the lives and true characters of the writers, who have engaged our esteem and friendship, we should frequently retract our approbation, suppress the favorable sentiments we had formed respecting them, and wonder at the false display of virtue they had made. Who has exhibited more tenderness, feeling and sentiment than Sterne? who appears more sensible of the exquisite enjoyment afforded by indulging the *charities of life*? Yet, Sterne had a cruel heart: He could weep over a dead ass, but he could see his mother pine in want, apparently without a compassionate emotion, without making an effort for her relief. Not so the bard who has been called the last of his country.—Sorely did he lament the bereavement. Affection gave an impression on his character, which it retained all his days; he expressed his grief with a tenderness and a pathos which cannot be presented to the mind of sensibility without awakening the most tender sympathy. Another incident must have had a considerable influence in forming the character of this amiable poet.—Early did he suffer from that passion, which is said to soften, to purify and exalt the mind. He loved; his passion was returned, but the stern decree of a parent prevented a union. The insanity of the poet's charmer was the consequence. Many indeed and sore were his afflictions; his sky was dark, his path through life was rough. Twelve long years did he suffer the anguish of despair. These circumstances, in some degree, account for the tenderness and sensibility which pervade all his works. Independent of the morality, the religion, the piety of the author of the task, we must therefore admire the powers of his genius. Few poets have afforded us so many different displays of their poetic merit. He is so grave and humorous, sometimes keenly satirical, frequently sublime.

In the descriptive he unrivalled. His touches of the pathetic are exquisite.

"England with all thy faults I love thee still,  
"My country!"

This passage has not been noticed by the critics of Cowper. Yet no person of taste can read it without admiring its felicity. Never was the native sentiment of patriotism more feelingly and forcibly expressed. The soliloquy of Alexander Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe) during his residence on the desolate island of Juan Fernandez, displays an uncommon degree of feeling, thoughts that would not have occurred to an ordinary mind, contemplating a similar subject, with a singular attitude of expression. The two following verses are peculiarly happy.

I'm out of humanity's reach!

I must finish my journey alone!

Never hear the sweet music of speech—

I start at the sound of my own!

My friends!—do they now and then send

A wish or a thought after me?

O! tell me I yet have a friend!

Tho' a friend I am never to see!

The singular temper of mind which Cowper possessed cannot fail to gain our esteem and regard. The tear of sensibility will ever start at the recital of his calamities, but it will be dried up when it is remembered that his virtues and piety, his firm belief in the doctrine of christianity, are rewarded with celestial bliss.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## FOR THE HIVE.

GOVERNMENT is the foundation of all the happiness and comfort of mankind.—The continual fear of punishment from those who execute its laws, prevents the perpetration of numberless crimes, productive of the most dangerous consequences. Its influence tends to the preservation of our rights, and prevents the commission of those offences, which, were they suffered to pass unnoticed, would finally prove the destruction of our domestic comfort. There are, however, still many vices prevalent in society, which have a certain tendency to interrupt that tranquility, so essentially necessary in the enjoyment of social happiness. These vices are beyond the reach of human law, therefore, from them we can obtain no redress. Amongst them, that which appears to be of the most injurious nature, is *suspicion*. The ill effects arising from a jealous and suspicious temper, must be obvious to every one. It is destructive of society, one of the greatest blessings we enjoy; and undermines the foundation of all friendship and social intercourse amongst men. Yet I mean not to assert, that we should be entirely destitute of it; for, in a limited

degree, it certainly is necessary. In our daily intercourse with the world, and persons with whose characters we are totally unacquainted, we ought to be possessed of it, in order that we may be kept constantly on our guard. But when carried to an excess, prejudicial, not only to individuals, but to society at large; then it is that it becomes a vice, and one of the most despicable in nature; its innumerable evils are then justly to be dreaded.

The suspicious man is not only a pest to others, but a torment to himself. His own heart, base and corrupted, naturally imputes to others, such sentiments as are congenial with itself.

When *jealousy* and *suspicion* once take possession of his mind, he knows no rest. Constantly haunting him by day and night, his wild and frantic imagination represents himself surrounded by enemies and spies, of whose treacherous machinations he is in continual dread—brings before him the most horrible and odious forms conceivable, which his disordered mind blackens, until, what appeared at first to him a dubious surmise, by perpetual misconstruction, he at last realizes and converts into a firm belief. Alike suspicious of friends and relations, he knows not in whom to confide:—his associates are few, and he the most miserable wretch in existence:—all the misrepresentations of his own fancy, and the consequences of his own suspicious temper.

With what a contrast are we presented by a comparison of this character, with that of its opposite one—a *man of candor*. Possessed of this virtue, he is always actuated by the best motives towards others, and therefore expects the same from them—accustomed to view those by whom he is surrounded, and with whom he has any intercourse, in the most favorable light; he is always cheerful and happy. Undisturbed by distrustful suspicions, his imagination paints not the hideous forms of *hellish demons*, employed by his avowed and mortal enemies, coming to wreck their vengeance on him, as the sole object of their fury. His mind, a stranger to all these horrible ideas, dwells in tranquility on those beauteous scenes of nature surrounding him, and receives from their contemplation, a tacit and inward pleasure, which can never be experienced by a mind corrupted by *jealousy* and *suspicion*.

Princeton-College, Jan. 1804. EDWIN.

## FOR THE HIVE.

## THE FORM OF A BACHELOR'S PRAYER.

PRAY for one, whose virtues and piety hath measured the chains of providence, and made a due estimate of all occurrences:—who is a stranger to disguise—witty without abuse—modest without weakness—jealous of nothing but the decrease of her kindness



you—generous but not profuse—one who has good features and proportion of body—who believes her person should be a square and portion a cypher, which added to advances the sum, but alone signifies nothing: rather the hire of her own deserts than barely the offspring of virtuous parents. A good house-wife who can appear as great in the world with one hundred pounds a year, as her neighbors with two—whose wit, and modesty can rather be imitated than equalled;—notwithstanding high birth and a large fortune are two very good ingredients when persons of superior dignity are on a level. But if his devotion grows cold in prose, let him pray in verse—for that hath

beauty enough to raise a frozen love, yet not so great as should our wonder move; fair without scorn, and witty without pride, (A bliss too often to that sex deny'd.) Modest, but not reserv'd, tho' free, not vain, her garb becoming, neither gay nor plain; quiet, though firm, religious, not precise, With more devotion in her heart than eyes: And when she does her kind affection place, Make love, not money, umpire in this case.

—●—  
FOR THE HIVE.

### PROCLAMATION.

I, Doctor Faustus, of medical renown and scientific memory, being frequently annoyed by old women and pragmatical quacks, invading my prerogative, giving counter prescriptions, and assigning wrong physiologic causes:—*Do hereby*, in the name of Esculapius, command, order and proclaim, that every illiterate, whether Negro, Indian, Roman or Man, who advances a medical opinion and every biped who prescribes medicine—In the name and by the authority aforesaid, I command, that all such intruders renounce the biped and assume the quadruped posture of their brother brutes. And I further command, that any of these fellows, even Hocus Pocus himself, usurping the erect posture, shall be beaten, battered and knocked down, and compelled to go on all-fours, as worthier quadrupeds go; and in this posture to remain 'till permission granted otherwise.

It is well known that Doctor Faustus never meddles with the needles, awls, hammers and brushes of his neighbors.—Petticoaters, chimney-sweeps, &c. he submits in their several occupations allowing each the credit of knowing his own business best: Whilst his fraternity, the Faculty, are subjected to the learned scrutiny of every old woman and silly booby who deigns to criticize their merit.

Other tradesmen reign absolute in their occupation, nor dares any one question their skill: whilst asses, wisecracks and nin-

compoops sit arbiters in medicine, and deify or damn the poor doctor at pleasure.

Every ass may decide on the merit of the physician, the propriety of his prescriptions and is a judge, a connoisseur, a dictator, in the science of medicine—a science of all others the most profound, the most abstruse and the least understood: whilst the hallowed science of chimney-sweeping may not be approached but by the sooty graduates, a select few duly initiated.

Glorious contest! to compete with old women! Glorious profession! whose precarious existence depends upon the fickle breath of ninnies.

### A VULGAR ERROR.

“An idle man is nobody's enemy but his own.”

WERE it possible a man could live in solitude, his idleness, in which name I include all other vices would indeed be of no consequence to any person but himself.

Were it possible for a man to come into the world without father or mother—he might be as idle as he pleased, and be nobody's enemy but his own.

Were a man to pass through the world without friends or connections, he might in a certain degree, do hurt to no one but himself.

If there was no such thing in the world as example, a man might be as foolish, as idle, and as wicked as he pleased, and be nobody's enemy but his own.

Yet the idle man, who, by a vulgar error, is supposed to be nobody's enemy but his own, is, in fact, the enemy of all his relatives, and the enemy of all, who, seeing him, may follow his example. He is something more than a blank in the creation, for he teaches others to neglect their duty as he has done; and it is false humanity to pity him, because no man deliberately does so much mischief as an idle man.

We find that some idle men, who are reputed to be nobody's enemy but their own, have wives and children who are starving for want, while he wastes his time in idleness, and his substance in riotous living.

The idle man who is vicious, adds to the prevalence of bad example, and takes a part from the encouragement virtue ought to meet with—he allows his affairs to be deranged, by neglect, and while the absurd pity of the world states him to be nobody's enemy but his own, it is found that he is the enemy of a numerous list of indulgent creditors.

An idle man is not one who does nothing, but one who does nothing that is good. The absence of labor is idleness, but not inactivity, for the mind of man is restless, and when not well engaged will be ill employed.

Much lowness of mind is connected with idleness, for the idle man, wili in his distresses, thankfully except of a dinner or a guinea, although accompanied by contempt, and

the unfeeling show of generosity. He gives pain to every man of consideration who sees him—and is—AN ENEMY TO EVERY QUARTER WHERE HIS CONNECTION EXTENDS, OR HIS EXAMPLE IS SEEN.

### A TATTLER.

A TATTLER is one of a bad character; tattling dishonors God, hurts mankind, and does not profit the person. How careful then should we be of the character of others; knowing that God also still judges us, remembering also that our imperfections, and that a good name is what we hold most dear. If we have true charity to mankind, it will lead us to do to them, as we should wish them to do to us. And by thinking of our character, we shall learn how to judge of others.

### REMARK.

The most ignorant have sense enough to discern the faults of others—the most clear sighted are blind to their own.

Lancaster, January 11, 1804.

Lancastrians,

THIS is cold weather—Very cold—Very cold, indeed. JOHN THOMPSON.

—●—  
“Interesting news  
Who danc'd with whom, and who are like to wed,  
And who is gone, and who is brought to bed.”

MARRIED, on Thursday evening last, by the Reverend Dr. Muhlenberg, Mr. Daniel Dinckel, of York, to Miss Rebecca Steinman, daughter of Mr. Frederick Steinman, of this borough.

—●—, on Sunday evening, the 25th of December, by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, Mr. Benjamin Smith, to Miss Margaret Weaver, daughter of Mr. Jacob Weaver, of this borough.

HYMEN makes known what human blessings lie,  
In the chaste honors of the nuptial tie:  
There dwells the heartfelt sweet, the dear delight;  
There bliss reposes, and there joys unite:  
For female virtue was by heaven design'd  
To charm, to polish, and to bless mankind.

### Polemic Society.

Lancaster, January 7, 1804.

THE Society met pursuant to adjournment, when the following Question was discussed:—

“Have the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania a right to declare a Law of the Commonwealth unconstitutional and void?”

After debate, it was determined in the negative, by a majority of three votes.

Question for Saturday Evening next.

“Is the love of Virtue innate?”

## POETRY.

[The following song, entitled "Poor Jack's Return," is so replete with beauties, and conveys so good a moral lesson, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of laying it before our readers:]

WHAT cheer my dear Polly!—didn't I tell you as how,

That "perhaps I should laughing come back?"  
Now you plainly perceive that my words are come true,  
So accept a salute from Poor Jack:  
My heart's rig'd with truth, and my honesty tight:  
Not a stripe of false colours I wear;  
And the compass of love has directed me right,  
To be bless'd with the charms of my fair;—  
So, d'ye see, that the chaplain may splice us in one,  
Let me steer thee to Hymen's kind shore,  
For Jack is resolv'd, until that shall be done,  
To depart from his Polly no more.

Let your fine courtly lubbers palaver and boast,  
Who ne'er sail'd on sincerity's main;  
Let 'em cowardly skulk upon flattery's coast,  
Such buccanier swabs I disdain.  
It ne'er shall be said that Jack has yet to learn,  
How to guard such a consort as you:  
Do you think I'll croud canvass and drop you astern!  
No! shiver my jib, if I do:—  
So, my dear girl, let me take you in tow,  
Since again I'm safe anchor'd on shore;  
For until 'fore the chaplain I've plighted my vow,  
I'll depart from my Polly no more.

Let the mild breeze of virtue still waft thee thro' life,  
By the helm of fair constancy steer, [strife,  
Nor the rocks, nor the shoals, nor the quick-sands of  
Start my planks, if you ever need fear:  
'Cause why, d'ye mind, while the little sweet youth  
Sits smiling on watch up above,  
Can the tempest of fate snap the cable of truth,  
Or drag from the anchor of love;  
So coil up your doubts, my sweet charmer nor think  
To be wreck'd on misfortune's lee shore;  
Should adversity board us, together we'll sink,  
Ah! never to part any more.

O my shipmates! remember, our chaplain would say,  
(On his log-book he preach'd to us oft)  
There's a *Mighty Commander*, whom all must obey,  
That will order good Christians aloft:  
Then avast, my dear girl, swab the lights of your face,  
Don't let sniv'ling your pleasure annoy;  
O my timbers! I like not such squalls to take place  
On the smooth besom'd ocean of joy:  
Bear a hand then, my love, with the current of bliss,  
Let's be stretching for Hymen's kind shore,  
For until we're united, depe: d upon this,  
I'll depart from my Polly no more.

## A PORTRAIT OF SLANDER.

WHAT mortal but slander, that serpent hath stung,  
Whose teeth are sharp arrows, a razor her tongue?  
The rank poison of asps her livid lip loads,  
The rattle of snakes, with the spittle of toads;  
Her throat is an open sepulchre, her legs  
Sit hatching of vipers and cockatrice eggs;  
Her sting is a scorpion's, like hyaena she'll cry,  
With the ear of an adder, a basilisk's eye;  
The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,  
The head of a parrot, the chat of a hare;  
The wings of a magpie, the snout of a hog,  
The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog;  
Her claw is a tyger's, her forehead is brass,  
With the hiss of a goose, and the bray of an ass.

## THE BITTER BIT.

A certain priest had hoarded up,  
A secret mass of gold;  
But where he might bestow it safe,  
By fancy was not told.

At last it came into his head,  
To lock it in a chest,  
Within the channel, and he wrote  
Thereon, "Hic Deus est."

A merry wag, whose greedy mind  
Long wish'd for such a prey,  
Respected not the sacred words,  
That on the casket lay.

Took out the gold and blotted out  
The priest's inscript thereon,  
Wrote, "Resurrexit non est hic,"  
"Your God is ris'n and gone."

## ON A QUACK.

WHEN Doctor Lotion first began,  
To practise on the frame of man,  
He bore but humble sway;—  
Each morn his hospitable door,  
Was open "gratis" to the poor,  
'Twas then "no cure no pay."

At length with cane and ponderous wig,  
The Doctor struts a perfect prig,  
In eminence secure;—  
The former system quite derang'd—  
The poor forgot, the motto chang'd—  
'Tis now, "no pay no cure."

## A LOVE SONG—BY DEAN SWIFT.

MOLLIS abuti,  
Has an acuti,  
No lasso finis,  
Melli divinis,  
Omi de armistres,  
Imi na distres,  
Cant u discover,  
Meas abo ver?

## H U M O R I S T.

A Spaniard and a Gascon met together  
the same inn in France, and both ordered  
suppers; the hostess told them she had  
a nice piece of mutton and a partridge. The  
wished to have the latter dish, which was  
ready for table. As they were on the point  
of quarrelling, the hostess, to reconcile them,  
told them, as she really had but one partridge,  
unless they agreed to eat together, there  
was no way to content them; but you will  
take my advice, added she, do wait out  
it to night, and to-morrow morning, who  
had the finest dream, shall be entitled to  
it; in the mean time, you may make an  
excellent repast on mutton and salad. The  
plan was agreed to: the parties supped, and  
went to bed. The Gascon, however, watched  
where the partridge was put, up in the night  
and eat it. The Spaniard passed the night  
in fabricating a fine dream for the next  
day. When they met in the morning, the  
Spaniard hastened to inform the hostess  
that he had a magnificent dream, having  
seen the heavens opened, and he was  
received by the angelic choir into the realm  
of glory. You could not, said he to the  
other, have had a finer dream.—"I saw  
enter paradise," answered the Gascon, "as  
I concluded you would never return to  
eat the partridge."

AN extravagant blade, was told that he  
resembled the *prodigal*. "No," replied  
he, "I never fed swine." "A good reason,"  
retorts the other, "the devil would not tell  
you with his *figs*!"

SOME robbers having broken into a gentleman's  
house, went to the footman's chamber, and  
told him if he moved he was a dead man.  
—*That's a lie*, (cried the fellow) *If I move*  
*I'm sure I'm alive*.

## TERMS OF THE HIVE.

To town subscribers, and country subscribers  
who receive their papers in town, TWO DOLLARS  
per annum—payable in half yearly advances.

To those who receive them by the Mail, TWO DOLLARS—payable in advance.

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Printing elegantly and promptly executed at The Hive office.—Orders solicited.

An apprentice wanted to the Printing Business, at this office.—He will receive good treatment.

LANCASTER, (Penn.)

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CHARLES McDOWELL,

AT THE SIGN OF THE 'BEE-HIVE,' A FEW DOORS EAST OF THE LEOPARD TAVERN, IN EAST KING-STREET.